

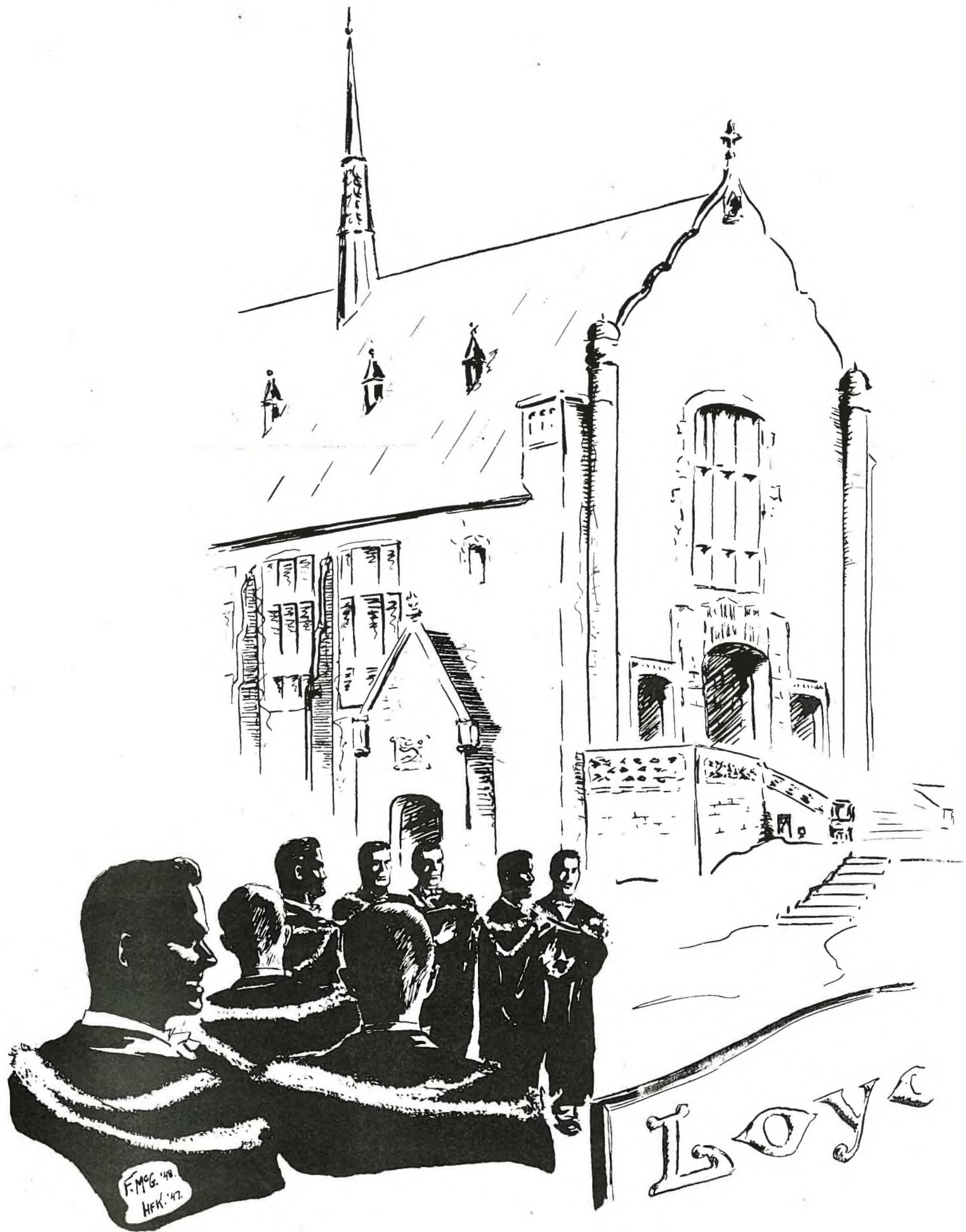
Loyola News

VOL. XXIII—No. 11

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1947

51st CONVOCATION TODAY



Loyola News



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Some 'Characters' Of Senior Class

In case there are some not yet aware of the fact there are many odd, bizarre and loveable characters in this year's Graduating Class, our happy task is to set down for posterity some of the quirks and foibles of some of these illustrious Gentlemen.

For example, we have Laurier Harvey. He is probably the strongest "noomin'" being here at The College. The bar bell boy is always thinking up new ways to stretch his Longissimus Dorsi or Gluteus muscle. Another odd gentleman is William Deuce Kennedy who is strangely enough another Science man. In his own words he is "the flower of Canadian manhood, and God's gift to Canadian womanhood!" Now tell us what can you do with a man like that.

To switch into the Arts Division of the Class. We have Pat "Fox" McAvoy. About his only "vice" is smoking. Once he gets a cigarette to his lips or a pipe in his teeth he is a new man. As he blows clouds of smoke in your face you may get a glimpse of his face—smiling and aloof. Then we have the irrepressible Champ Camirand. The best way to get to know Champ is across the dinner table. That is where he earned the Title he bears.

Then there is the unique Mario Gross. His flowing locks have a story all their own. He refuses time and again, despite the pleadings of Leo Salvati, to have his manly mane Bobbed. As for Leo, he is the horse lover of the Class. He is supposed to spend every day of the summer months out at the track petting and feeding his favourites.

Going back into the Science Class we have "Dan" Danaher. His specialty is devising "shortcuts" for the draughting roomers. But the only trouble with the shortcuts is that they are usually considerably longer than the conventional method. Another Engineer is Gerry Flanagan. His job is the keeper of the door. He handles all the notices and managed to build up a reserve of three or four days standing before distribution.

We now come to the McGees. Paul and John (not related either). Paul is the strong, silent type, but laughs at any old joke you may happen to have. Paul's only passion is the City of Lachine. He will defend the honor of that ancient citadel to the last drop of plasma within him. John or Red as he is termed, loves the C.O.T.C. We are willing to bet he would have become at least a sergeant in that fine organization.

Bob Fauteaux is the worrier of the Scientists. If there is no exam on the schedule, he is worried that there may not be a lab on that afternoon. Then he worries about the maps, his own and the other boys' too! But through it all he grins and laughs these worries off. Tony Prillo is the Mathematical brain of the Class. He always manages to pigeon hole Stef, his long suffering classmate, and regales him with tales of the latest theorem.

Mario Pasquale and Warren Brown make an interesting contrast. Mario tries to outyell his cohort and because of his unusually strong tenor wins out. The editor of this tabloid, Paul Orr, is the one man in the class who manages to get his picture taken with a pipe in his mouth. In fact, if the pipe isn't in there it isn't an authentic Paul Orr photo.

Gorm Hanrahan and Jim Leahy are demon bowlers. When not rushing out early on Friday afternoons to get in some pre-game licks, they are rushing about the Smoker looking for a fourth to fill out their card.

Nelio Kenzi has the distinction of being the only man in the College who has a tie which is reversible. We have heard about reversible coats and socks, but never



Under the Tower

With Paul Orr

Today marks the last time many of us will attend Loyola, for after tonight the members of the class of '47, whether with the official degree or not, will graduate. At such a time as this it has always been the custom of editors to strive to express a few of the sentiments which occur to them, and to bemoan the passing of themselves and the good old days when men were men, and students were locked up in the library, where they could do no harm. Although it is quite impossible for me to express adequately such sentiments on this occasion, nevertheless I would like to try, dropping at long last the 'Editorial We' which has been plaguing this column for months.

It is impossible to spend eight years at an institution such as Loyola without being influenced for the better. During these past eight years the college has grown in enrollment to almost three times its size. I do not think it too much to hope that during that time I have grown somewhat also; and what few redeeming features I might now possess are due mainly, I think, to those men . . . professors and students alike . . . who aided Loyola in its growth. The college during these past years has been rich in men of great spirit, with an intense loyalty to the school and a desire to improve it. That so many of their dreams have come true, speaks loudly for them, and testifies also to the fullness and the richness of the past years I have spent here.

Recently there has been a tendency to compare the spirit existing here now with that of some years ago. That I think is wrong. The 'Good old Days' exist more in the introspective minds of the older students than in reality. They seem more glorious to us because we were younger then, and had the leaders of the school to look up to and admire. Gradually, as we grew older, and came closer to the positions of Seniors the glory of the name and our appreciation of our surroundings lessened. But I do not think that the actual spirit of the school has been lost. The societies are just as active now, if not more so. Sports are on their feet, and the championships still come rolling in and debating hopes are high for next year. Perhaps the Sodality isn't as strong in appearance as formerly, but it is on the comeback trail, and it seems firmly rooted in all the younger chaps coming up. A year or two should see it on the top once more in its proper place. The same romantic and heroic fire of old appeared on stage in 'Hamlet' this year, quite comparable to the glorious Days of 'McBeth' and 'Who Ride On White Horses'. There has been lost, of course, a certain comradeship and community of interest among the students, but that is inevitable with greatly increased registration and a diversity of courses. No, I think that the spirit remains as high and as invigorating now as in the years gone by; and that for the younger men, particularly in the High School, those 'Good Old Days' still exist. I hope that I am right, for if something of the glory and the spirit has been lost, then myself and my classmates are probably to blame. Ours was the link between the small, closely knit group of the late thirties, and the larger one of the present day. We held the traditions, and if we failed in our efforts to pass them on, then ours is the fault.

For me, the 'Loyola News' has typified the growth of the college during the past eight years. It has grown in size, in circulation and in staff, but it has always seemed to reflect the spirit of the school. Possibly this is because there has always been associated with it the names of the most outstanding men of Loyola during these eight years. These men personified the spirit of Loyola and I saw in the pages of the News not only the gradual evolution of the paper itself, but also reflected there the changes, successes and progress of the college. John Doyle, John Brayley, Frank Higgins, Jack O'Brien and Russ Breen as editors, and many others . . . each gave something very important to the News, because they gave wholeheartedly of themselves to the work. Watching these men, and more recently being associated with some of them gave something very important to me, for they showed me what a true Loyola man should strive to be. It was impossible for me to live up to their standards, but it made me very proud to think that I, as editor, might form some link between them, and the men coming after. For there will always be a News, and there will be many more great editors. Looking over the staff who did so much this year I am sure of that. Much to my surprise, I was made editor shortly after the start of the year, but because of prior commitments with other societies I could take the position only on the understanding that the managing editor do much more work than should reasonably be expected of him. Charlie Phelan had that unpleasant task, and to him goes a great deal of credit. To him, and to the staff of this year who did so much, I can say only thanks and wish them 'Good Luck'; for if they have that, along with their proven interest and ability the 'News' will be more successful than ever before.

The class of '47 graduates today, and a few years hence

C.A.P.

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Fifty-First Convocation To Feature Graduation In Both Arts And Science



Archbishop Charbonneau Principal Guest Of Honor

Rev. G. Emmet Carter, Ph.D., Will
Deliver Address to Graduates

Principal Guest of Honor at Loyola's Fifty-First Convocation tonight will be His Excellency Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau, D.D., who is well known as true friend and supporter of the College. The Archdiocese of Montreal has flourished as never before under his direction and the Archbishop is particularly noted for his active interest in the most important field of Catholic Education, as was clearly evidenced in his mammoth Campaign of last year in the interest of this work. No stranger to the College, Msgr. Charbonneau has honoured us with his presence upon numerous occasions. It will be well remembered that it was he who sang the Solemn High Mass in the College Stadium last year during the Jubilee Convocation ceremonies. Loyola and all her friends will be well pleased that our Archbishop has honoured greatly this institution by his presence here this evening. That he should assist us as Guest of Honour at Loyola's first Science Course graduation is particularly fitting since at the time of its inception some four years ago the Archbishop was instrumental in overcoming several of the many difficulties which presented themselves at that time.

The Address to the Graduates will be delivered by the Rev. G. Emmet Carter, Ph.D., principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, well known for his fine work among the Catholic Youth of the city. As director of the Catholic Action Group several years ago, Fr. Carter became well known to Loyola men, and in his present post of Newman Club chaplain at McGill University his contacts with our Grads at McGill are numerous.

Convocation ceremonies will follow the usual pattern this year, with Solemn High Mass in the Chapel in the morning followed by the reading of marks of the College in private session. The Granting of Degrees, distribution of prizes and awards, together with the Address to the Graduates, Valedictory, Fr. Rector's report will take place at the evening ceremonies to which all friends of Loyola are cordially invited. Immediately after the ceremony the graduates and their guests are dark.

Loyola Men of Ascension Parish — Remember the Father & Son Communion Sunday, June 8th.

JUNE 2, 1947

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA

PAGE THREE

Loyola's Hamlet— Success In Retrospect

Over a month has passed since the Loyola Dramatic Society scored the greatest triumph of its history with its excellent production of "Hamlet". It happened that the last regular issue of the News was published several days before the play's opening, and this journal could only furnish its readers with a preconceived notion of what the efforts of so many Loyola men would produce. That it would be a fine play staged by very talented and competent people we could and did prophesy, but that it would be the recipient of such an abundance of acclaim from all quarters, that it would surpass all previous productions of the Society (no mean feat when one remembers "Yellow Jack", "Who Ride on White Horses", "Macbeth" and all the others), that in a city which had seen almost an overabundance of Shakespeare during the year it would arouse from even the most reserved critics the highest degree of commendation we hardly dared hope for.

Yet Loyola's Hamlet did just that, and running the risk that our own numerous critics will raise the cry again that our News is ancient history we feel that we cannot allow such a success to go unrecorded in this paper, however many have been the weeks since its accomplishment.

To add our poor comments to the glowing terms used by reviewers on the city's dailies concerning the performances of the principals and the efforts of the director would probably resemble adding grains of salt to the sea. To Gerald McCarthy, "Hamlet himself", whose work deserves more space than we can allot to this entire article, we can but extend some inadequate expression of our admiration. It is simply too difficult to find any aspect of his performance to criticise. Joseph Roney as Claudius was the epitome of kingliness, being particularly good in his soliloquy. Paul Orr's many talents enabled him to portray a most effective Polonius, while Bill Forbes' Ophelia was an astounding success. Queen Gertrude graciously promenaded the stage in the person of Mike McManus. The low resounding tones of Henry Geeves' Ghost rumbled up from Pluto's domain with wondrous clarity. Dave Dohans Laertes was praiseworthy in every way, not least of which was his presentation with Gerry McCarthy of most realistic swordplay. We feel that John Hilton should especially be singled out for his handling of Horatio. His fine voice blended well with a

New Facilities Available For Autumn Opening

New Building Offers Many New Features

Next Fall, Loyola College and High School will throw open its doors with a new and graceful ease. Gone will be the cramped and harrowed feelings of a worried host who knows there is no room. For the new Central Building will be complete, and at long last the large student-body will have the facilities so helpful and even essential in their education.

The fact was plain: Loyola needed more room. Room for classes and lecture-halls, for a library and reading-room, for study-halls and bedrooms, for a biology laboratory, for a gymnasium and showers and washrooms.

By next fall, thanks to the new Central Building, those dire needs will no longer exist.

seeming natural aptitude for that heartwarming role.

Bob Bulger was fine as the first player, and a riot as the Gravedigger. We note with pleasure that he received a special award as the best minor character in the play. Fittingly enough this award consisted of one slightly used skull. We could go on to commend each player in turn but must, with all our more experienced colleagues of the press, plead lack of space. The technical end of the production under Fr. Wardell, the lights handled by Rudy Dolfuss, the staging by Chas Meredith and his crew, the Props by Bob Duquette, the Wardrobe by Don Suddaby and Mr. Charette of Mallabar, Calls of Carroll Laurin

(Continued on Page 4)

Message To The Graduates

Robert Louis Stevenson somewhere tells the story of the medieval swordsmith to whom the craft of making weapons was in the fullest sense of the word a vocation — his role in the battle for the Right, the True and the Good. The smith is pictured in his shop, working long hours tempering the steel to its maximum strength, making it fit to take and hold the sharpest possible edge and point. Into the making of each blade he put the accumulated skill of generations together with all his personal devotedness. And as he worked at furnace and anvil he lived in anticipation the life of the sword from the day a knight would crown his Vigil of Arms by swearing upon its cruciform hilt "to right wrong, do good and serve the King" until it lay upon the knightly tomb or perhaps broke in violent combat. The swordsmith tried to foresee every contingency, to prepare the native strength of steel to withstand it. During the hours of readying, the sword became to him an instrument of Providence. He spoke to it, taught it the knightly Code of Honour, outlined its constructive role of serving justice, told it the glories of the great swordsmen of all time and pleaded with it to render stout service to the arm that would wield it. And when the knight came to claim it, to try it for balance and strength and sharpness, the smith, holding it lovingly to the last, would finally hand it over with the injunction "to be a good sword".

To you, my dear members of the Class of '47, finishing your years at Loyola, years during which many have tried to help you prepare yourselves for time and for eternity, years during which the Christian Ideal has been held before you as the only glass through which you can "see life steadily and see it whole", with the old armourer I can only say prayerfully and sincerely: "Be good swords".

Horatio P. Phelan, S.J.

H. S. Elocution Winners Named

Reverend Father Rector announces that Michael McManus, who recited "Toussaint L'Overture" by Phillips, is the winner of the Silver Medal for the Senior High School Division, and that Dino Narizzano, who recited "The Monkey's Paw" by Jacobs, is the winner of the Bronze Medal in the Junior High School Division.

Michael McManus is a student in Third Year High "A" and played the part of the Queen in Hamlet.

Dino Narizzano of Second High 'C' is the winner of the Bronze Medal for the second time, having won that same medal as a student in First Year High last year.

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But the new building does more than merely attend to needs; it improves Loyola. With an eye only to needs, the new building might have arisen cold and utilitarian, a block of concrete, adequate and practical, but a blot on the landscape and an ugly duckling amid the beautiful Loyola buildings. Happily, the new building is no such ugly thing. With its collegiate Gothic lines, it blends well into the older setting and brings new strength and beauty to the Loyola grounds. A new concrete block would have been less costly, but the whole unified charm would have been ruined.

For the past year, the ground-floor has been used for temporary classrooms off the corridors leading to the permanent gymnasium in the centre. These classrooms will be changed into a large biology laboratory, a new and much enlarged college smoker, and handy showers and washrooms for the basketball teams. Lecture halls will be on the main floor, and bedrooms on the next floor. On the third storey will be a music room, the librarian's office, a reference room, and the large library room with shelves for fifty thousand books and specially illuminated reading tables. This library will be as spacious as the ground floor gymnasium, and two storeys high. Two other large rooms have been assigned to fill long-standing priorities a room for student executive and committee meetings, and a room for the Loyola News Staff. At Loyola, classrooms and bedrooms we always had with us; for the first time, we shall have long dreamt-of facilities; an adequate library, an adequate committee-room, and an adequate Newsroom. Indeed, the new Central Building is a fulfilment of a dream and an answer to a prayer.

The graceful Gothic steeple that rises from the new building is symbolic of the hopes of Loyola educators and Loyola students. Loyola hopes that those who pass through its halls — its old halls and its new halls — will grow in knowledge and wisdom and grace, ever ready to face the world like Christian and Christ-like gentlemen.

LOYOLA'S HAMLET . . .

(Continued from Page 3)
and Tom Subrani, the work of various faculty members in different fields are all things which by habit have always been expertly done at Loyola so that

one tends to take them for granted.

In front of the curtain, management of the box office by Fr. McDonnell and his Lieutenant Ray Badeski is certainly worthy

LOYOLA NEWS

of note. There was hardly a moment during that entire week that Fr. McDonnell was not running to a telephone, or attending to the long queues that formed at his door. On the night of each performance he could be seen in the foyer calmly dealing with myriad problems, adjusting reservations and what - not, and it will always remain a mystery how he managed to seat in an auditorium with a capacity of eight hundred odd, far in excess of that number each night. At any rate he succeeded in pleasing everyone. We might mention the Ladies of the Alumni Auxiliary who handled the ushering, and Mr. John Meagher of Senior, the 'Maitre de Maison'. With all this we are quite sure that many whose efforts contributed to the success of Hamlet have been overlooked. So many took part in varying positions that mention of each is impossible but let those whose names are omitted from this piece realize that their efforts with regard to the play however small or large they may have been are well appreciated.

Our survey of the Dramatic Society's production for 1947 has had one advantage at least, in that it can look upon it in a purely retrospective manner. The question "What made 'Hamlet' the success it was?" has been well answered, we believe, by two persons. Mr. J. G. Shaw of the Canadian Register asserted that despite the excellence of Fr. Hanley's direction, of McCarthy's interpretation of the role of the protagonist, of the untiring and unselfish efforts of all the cast whose perseverance through seven months of rehearsals was so great and unfailing, the magnitude of the efforts of all others concerned, the craftsmanship of Shakespeare, it was still another factor to which in the final analysis the triumph can be traced. Mr. Shaw says that primarily it was a Loyola play, produced by Loyola men who throughout made manifest the true Loyola spirit. Fr. Hanley reiterated these sentiments at the grand banquet given by the College to those who took part in the production. It was, according to the director, to the ever-willing, unselfish and cheerful spirit shown by everyone at all times that "Hamlet" ultimately owed its success.

We might well comment with regard to these truths that in the first place those who are frequently heard to comment that the Spirit of Old Loyola is dead are quite mistaken apparently. In the second instance we might well be forgiven if we observe editorially that it would be a great boon if such a spirit as was shown in the production of 'Hamlet' should prove catching and spread throughout the student body in such a way as to fire all the activities of the college with a fuel of a similar nature.

Annual News' Banquet To Be Held, June 4th

The long frustrated plans for the Loyola News second annual banquet, have finally been completed. It will take place in the Berkeley Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, June 4th. Present at the gathering will be all those members of the Loyola News staff who, by their work over the course of the past few months, have been judged by the editors to have warranted an invitation.

It is estimated that there will be approximately thirty-five guests, and these will include Fr. Roderick McGilvray, S. J. the Moderator, and specially invited guests. The chairman for the evening will be Paul Orr, editor for the past year. Although some short speeches are on the program it has been announced that Mr. Orr, in a spirit of repression and self-control never before exhibited in the course of his eighth year stay here, will definitely not make a speech.

Summer School Here June 29

The famous Summer School of Catholic Action, directed by Rev. Daniel E. Lord, S. J., which has been a feature of the Montreal summer for the past few years will return again this year from June 29 to July 5. In addition to the regular program followed in other years with such success the school this year offers a night course for those who, because of business, are unable to attend during the day. This course, although shorter than the day time schedule, will have the same basic theme of the 1947 sessions: "Mary, Marriage, The Family and Your Life's Work."

One of the lecturers on the staff will be Rev. Hector Daly, S. J., of Loyola College, well known to all the students here for his work as Spiritual counselor, and moderator of the religious societies throughout the school. Father Daly's topic will be "What in Youth Makes For Happy Homes."

Rev. William Byrd, curate of St. Michael's parish will head the Montreal committee of the S. S. C. A., a position which he has filled for the past four years with outstanding success. Anyone who is able and willing to accommodate some of the many out of town delegates who are expected to attend should get in touch with Rev. Edward Penny, St. Thomas Aquinas Parish, Montreal.

Loyola News Staff For '47-'48 Announced

The editor of the Loyola News for the school year 1947-48, as has been previously announced will be Charles Phelan, Class of '48. Following are the chief members of the editorial staff who will be called upon to assist him in his duties next year.

Managing Editor — Bob Boyle '49, Sports Editor — Bill Pelton '48, Photography Editor — Maurice Scarpellegia, Literary Editor — Terry Murphy '48 Business Manager — Larry Doherty '48, College Editor — Rudy Dolffuss '50, Feature Editor — Lorne Shea '49; News Editor — Robert Guimond '48, Set-up Editor — Kevin Reynolds '49, High School Editor — Fred Meagher H.S. '48.

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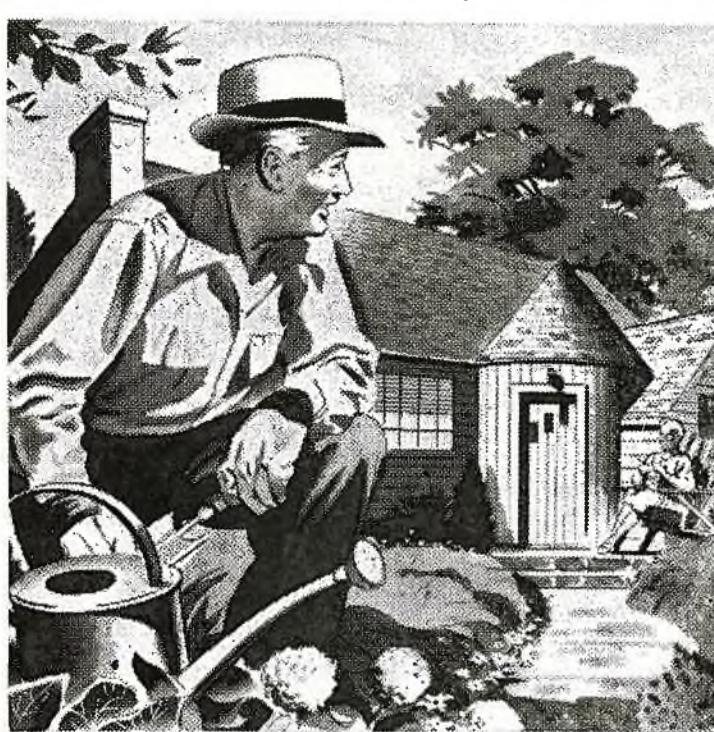
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15 Eight Year Men Members Of Class Of '47

It is the belief of many, that the backbone of any class, group or organization, is the number of old timers who maintain the customs and pass on to the newer men the traditions of their times. If this is so then the graduation class of 1947, one of the largest groups to graduate in many years, is liberally supplied with no less than fifteen men who have spent their entire eight year course of studies here. These men, who were toddling and precocious students of first high away back in '39 when there were only about four hundred students in the entire school and the cafeteria was badly crowded if more than five people sat down at one time, are: Bob Fauteux, Gerry Flanagan, Bill Kennedy, Brian Danaher and Jim Leahy. All are members of the science course.

The Arts men are: Bernie Gollop, John Callaghan, Lorne Camirand, Hugh Kerrin, Paul Orr, Albert Boisjoli, Paul McGee, Cliff Malone and Patrick MacAvoy.

Fauteux New S.I.P.Y.O. Prexy

At a meeting of the Saint Ignatius Parish Youth organization on Sunday, May 25th, Mr. Robert Fauteux was named President for the coming year. Bob is a member of this year's graduating class, and has been a student at Loyola for the past ten years. Those extra two years were spent in taking an arts course in college before switching back to Freshman science in 1943-44.

The retiring president is Gibby Haldane, the president of this year's Sophomore class. Bob will be aided in his coming job by William Kennedy, another member of the class of '47 who has been named Treasurer.



The shot above was snapped at the L.C.A.A. dinner last month and shows Vic Obeck, McGill Football coach presenting the H.S. Sportmanship Trophy to Frank McArdle. In the background L.C.A.A. President John Meagher may be seen holding the College Sportsman-ship Trophy which was awarded to him.

UNDER THE TOWER . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

the only remaining memory of us will be a picture of an odd assortment of smiles, frowns and haircuts. But we do not really leave Loyola . . . for that is a spirit, and a way of life which we shall always remember . . . those joy-filled days in the C.O.T.C., when all the sergeant-majors were only five feet high, and every officer wore a moustache . . . the time in second high we received the 'Very Good' cards in Conduct from Father Rector, and then two on each hand from Father Prefect for being too boisterous in the auditorium during the ceremony . . . the philosophy professor who could defend a thesis and criticize careless driving on the campus all in the same breath. Of such was the substance of life here for the past eight years, and it will always accompany me, and long remain after other things have been forgotten. No, I don't need to say 'Goodby' possessing these memories, nor even Good Luck. The spirit, and way of life that now exist here are Loyola; and are Loyola's good fortune. She needs nothing else but these same happy principles and men which made the years so pleasant and fruitful for me . . . under the tower.

Hinphy Named Alumni Head

The Loyola Alumni Association recently held its Annual General Meeting at which officers for the coming year were elected. To the post of President of the Associa-

tion comes Paul Hinphy of the Class of '36. Chosen as 1st Vice-President was Paul Noble '29 while Bill Bradley '44 becomes 2nd Vice-President. Dr. John MacDonald '35 was elected 3rd Vice-President. Phil Shaughnessy '40 will be Secretary - Treasurer and Jimmy Hayes '28 is secretary.

The Alumni Golf Tourney held not long ago climaxed with Albert Rolland capturing the honours. Still on the agenda for the Alumni year is the Communion Breakfast which will take place at the College on the Morning of June Eighth.



HEY FELLAS!

Stop in at the "Trenholme" for that between-meal snack.

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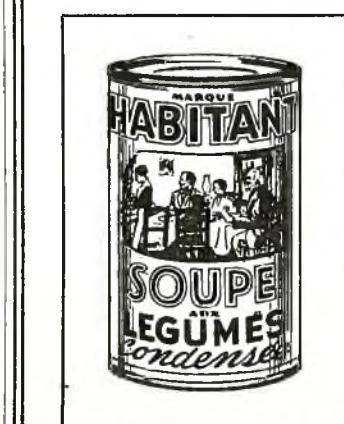
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High School Highlights

By DEREK KEARNEY

A few days ago we were approached by no less a personage than the Editor who fetching up a groan (Compliments of Virgil, translation by Father Breslin) told us that this was to be the final issue of the NEWS for this year and that, here his voice sounded the very depths of pathos, our editorship of the High School page would be terminated. So here we are giving our own personal valedictory.

First of all, to our successor Fred Meagher, congratulations and sincere wishes for success, next year. Fred, by the way, has shown his ability throughout the year and has been an untiring worker, always coming through on time despite short notices and the large demands made upon his time by other activities.

Another man who certainly deserves credit is Gerry McGee who submitted the High School Sodality news and many other items. Gerry didn't have the doubtful reward of seeing his name in print nor even having his work credited to his own name.

A word of appreciation is also due John Cox who volunteered several news items about Missa activities.

Among the High School Class reporters there is one boy who was outstanding for his co-operation and willingness. He is Nobel Power of 2B. Nobel is a tribute to the spirit of his class.

Well, now that we have scattered laurels in all directions, on to the news, such as it may be.

However much we may be tempted to write a few thumbnail sketches of some of the "characters" around the school—and we use the word in its looser, colloquial sense—it is necessary to pass over the idea with a sigh of regret, the libel laws being what they are and June being as yet a long, long way off.

With a twitch of the eyelid—it may be hay-fever, we sit back and review the various things which helped add variety to the year.

Yo-yos came and (Joy) went. Lena the Hyena had her day. For a time she was the most talked-about woman around Loyola. Hand painted ties and bow ties were the next things to distract the tranquillity of school life. As a matter of fact they are still disturbing it. Even now the tide of events moves to a new flood. This time it is bubble gum. Since this commodity was a war casualty it was not available for the last few years. Now, however, it is to be seen everywhere. Even such cultivated gentlemen as Gosta Sperling may be seen blowing to the satisfaction of their dear little hearts. As a matter of fact Gosta has not drawn the line at just chewing the stuff, he has quite a little business in retailing it to the boys who have not succeeded in getting at a source of supply.

The main thing of interest around the rec. hall is still the redecorating in progress in the old Senior and Junior clubs. Until recently there was an opening in the wall through which anyone who lacked a better way to amuse himself could stand and gaze to his heart's content. Now, however, the opening has been walled up, so that the workmen need no longer feel like fish in an aquarium. One bright lad suggested that had he known just when the wall was going to

SOME "CHARACTERS"

(Continued from Page 2)
about a reversible tie. Which side is the better? Neither.

Charlie Meredith and Dick Kennedy form the nucleus of the Senior Boarders and what a nucleus. Along with Jacques Marchessault the "Friendly Boarder" they make a potent combo whether in studies or the horseplay on the Flat.

Johnny Meagher, of the many Meaghers, is the dude of the Class and his sartorial brilliance is only exceeded by his rare good nature.

Well, these are some of the Seniors and there are many others we have failed to mention due to lack of space. All in all, they are a mighty fine group of fellows. It's a privilege to have known them all. Good luck, boys.

locker but just flooded it with buckets of water and chemicals no doubt hoping naively that the whole thing would either drown or swim away. Fortunately there was a brain among them, so the door was at last opened and the fire put out. The only results were a coating of chemicals over every locker within range of the extinguishers and a few burnt articles of clothing.

And so we come to the end of our last column for the year. We have endeavoured to please everyone, which is impossible. Often through the year we have been confronted by well-wishers who have pointed out just what they thought was wrong with this page. However, there are two sides to every question and often someone else has suggested that the reverse is true. We have attempted to reach the so-called happy medium which often brings attacks from both factions. However we hope that you will at least be tolerant of the things which you considered to be mistakes.

And so good luck in your exams, and after that, happy holidays!

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Sportively Speaking

By John Meagher

Old "Tiger" Bill Shore used to start his "Hither and Yon" column which appeared in the Loyola News about four years back with three simple words: "Well, Loyola Men . . ." For the first time in our eight years here at Loyola these words take on a special significance, for we are heading into our last few weeks as students of this College.

Some of you younger lads may say that you envy us with our schooling a thing of the past, but we would like to take this opportunity to point out a few proofs for the old saying that school days are the happiest of your lives. Since this is supposed to be a sport column, we will restrict the incidents to those which happened on the ice, in the ring, on the gridiron or around the track.

Athletically, Loyola is primarily a football school. The best evidence for this is the fact that we won four football championships last fall. Our biggest thrill as far as this sport is concerned happened on Thanksgiving Day of 1943. Loyola was tangling with West Hill, our perennial rival, and as was the custom, we were definitely outscored though hardly outfought. The score rested at 8-5 in favour of the Red and Gray and Charlie Shaw's timepiece showed only three minutes to go. It so happened that Loyola had just scored those five points, and West Hill, hoping to keep the ball away from their goal-line, decided to kick off. Don Bussiere, now attending Holy Cross College down in Mass., took the kick and started up the right side of the field. His interference was only fair. Suddenly he stopped, changed direction and took for the opposite side of the field. At the same instant nine West Hill men were swept down by Loyola blockers and Don easily outdistanced the remaining three Red and Gray warriors, carrying the ball the whole length of the field for the winning points.

Our biggest football disappointment occurred two years before this on a snow-covered Molson Stadium grid-iron when Fr. Ed. Sheridan's Senior Catholic Champs were meeting another great West Hill team in a sudden-death City Title game. Loyola was more than holding her own and it looked as if we would finally break that Chesley Jinx. But Fate had a different idea, and guided the ball from the freezing hands of Loyola snap Jack McEachern over the head of half-back Jim Lewis, across the Loyola goal-line where a West Hill middle immediately pounced on it. That was all the Red and Gray needed to win that ball game.

As far as hockey is concerned, we find no trouble in deciding which event afforded us the greatest thrill. It was, of course, the College hockey trip to Lake Placid in the famed and breath-taking Adirondacks. The pucksters went down there to play a three game series with Clarkson Tech., a New York College. The friendliness of the people, the paralyzing beauty of the town, neighbouring hills and lakes, the main street lined with hundreds of Christmas trees glowing with the festive lights of red and blue and green. Mirror Lake, the Placid club where we met Kate Smith and Sonja Henie, the packed stadium and the bands and colourful costumes of the King and Queen of Winter. All this and much more made Lake Placid the outstanding event of our Loyola athletic career. The biggest disappointment came in a Catholic League play-off between C.H.S. and Loyola. Both these teams ended the regular schedule in a dead heat, and a play-off series was necessary. We ended up the first game with a tie. Then came the second and final contest. C.H.S. were hot, but so were Frank Porteous, Jimmie O'Connor and Allan MacDonald. They gave Morenz, Lilley and Petit a great fight, but they just couldn't beat goalie Jack Gelineau, now owned by Boston Bruins. The game went scoreless until the third period when C.H.S. rammed in two fast ones. We got one of them back, but that was as far as it went. It was a great game full of chills and thrills, but also full of disappointment.

We never experienced a disappointment in track, although the lack of interest shown by the student body in the last few years would come under that category. But we did have one great thrill. That occurred only last month when the High School relay team ran such a wonderful and exciting race against Montreal High at the Canadian Legion Track meet held in the Forum before eight thousand eager fans. Galloping Glenn, Tucker that is, the speed boy from Trinidad started half a length behind his opponent and ended the turn about six whiskers ahead. Our vocabulary is too limited to describe it, but we can only say that Gil Dodds was good, Doreen Clough was better, but that race had everything beaten a mile.

Swinging over to the square circle we recall that great fight between the late Johnny O'Connell and Red Nowers in a 1939 Kid Glove Tournament held in the Stadium. Both men stood toe to toe for five rounds and belted the living day-lights out of each other. Not once did either give up a single inch of ground and not once did they stop swinging. Finally late in the fifth round, Big John from St. Leo's let loose with an atomic array of torrid, crushing crosses and that was all. Red kept on his feet but he was a beaten man.

These are just some of the sport memories that we recall off hand and which, along with the hundred others learned by participation in Loyola sports, we will cherish for the rest of our days no matter where our chosen profession takes us. It is our hope that each reader will try to get as much out of his stay at Loyola both academically and athletically as we did.

Drifting from high-points of past years to the present time, we would like to say a few words about the Dramatic Society's great success, "Hamlet". Outside of the actors themselves, we are, perhaps, in the best position to testify to its greatness, for we sat through it five times. One thought that kept knocking on our old bean was this — every one of the societies at Loyola have been screaming for a combined effort in order that their respective endeavours might be as successful as possible. The D.S. boys certainly had that co-operation.

Yes, The Dramatic Society afforded the school with the greatest success of the year, despite the ten championships that the L.C.A.A. brought to Loyola. We of the athletic end say, Congrats, men; but with this one reservation: If the other societies had enjoyed as much help and encouragement from all concerned, then you would certainly have had some competition.

Spring Football Session Given By Ed. Meagher

Farewell Show Of Great Loyola Coach

Edmund Meagher, a member of the High School faculty this year, and a man who has coached no less than six Loyola championship teams, as well as playing for four other trophy winners, held a spring football school for the students of the High School with the intention of demonstrating the essential football fundamentals to the younger set.

Vic Obeck Helps Out

Ed. had the very capable assistance and guidance of Vic Obeck, the newly-appointed football coach at McGill University. Meagher was one of those who took in Obeck's school, and Vic reciprocated by helping out the Loyola coach by lecturing on line play and team-work.

Movies Used for Demonstration

Coach Meagher obtained movies on all the important features of the Fall pastime: Shots of forward passing by Bertelli, Sid Luckman, and Albert; line play by the great Army team, with Blanchard, Tucker and Davis demonstrating the T formation; correct line position, shifting, shoulder and body-blocking, ball handling, kicking and defence were other topics that were discussed. A very encouraging turnout of over a hundred students watched Obeck and Meagher go through their paces.

Meagher to Springfield

This will be Ed. Meagher's last contribution to Loyola, for June 16 will see him on his way to Springfield College in Mass., where he will take a course in coaching and physical education. The lectures were held in the College Auditorium.

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Under The Shower

In the last issue of the News we caught up on many of the strange events which have been taking place around the College. However, we neglected to cover one of the most important social events of the season, namely the Senior Class Dinner and Clambake. This grand fete took place somewhere in the vast expanses of the Queen's Hotel and was, from all reports, a complete success.

One of the highlights of that auspicious evening was the introduction of Canada's newest tonsorial artist—Mario Gross. Mario, who is at present in the Pre-Med Class, decided to make the switch in professions when he made a great chemical discovery which he has elected to call Foam-O-Poo. This wonderful concoction has all the washing power of suds, plus the invigorating element found in such well-known hair tonics as Vitalis. The only drawback which this powerful elixir is said to suffer from, is a somewhat unpleasant aroma! Mario's first shampooing experiment was carried out on "Dan" Danaher, a leading light of the Science Class. Sad to relate, however, Dan did not take kindly to the treatment. The next to enter the test was Leo "Pops" Salvati, but he, too, did not seem fully to appreciate the tender ministrations of Mons. Gross. And as anyone who has seen Leo can tell you, he is one person who could use a tonic such as Mario has developed. At last word, Mario, defeated but undaunted, is planning to open a shop near the Seville Theater. But don't worry, he wouldn't have the nerve to change his name to Figaro.

Another of the members of this year's graduating class who attended this gala function was the famous connoisseur and playboy, William "Deuce" Kennedy. Deuce (he, of the yellow shoes), was seen beating Bugs Laberge with the big end of a soup ladle. But Bugs ably defended himself and with the help of one of the waiter's trays (borrowed expressly for the occasion) finally staved off the most vicious assaults showered upon him.

Laurier "Muscles" Harvey, the Loyola Strong Boy, managed to get in a little muscle tension practice by tearing some old telephone books in halves, quarters and eighths. We understand that one of these quarters (no halves) accidentally fell into Champ Camirand's plate and in the heat of the moment was inadvertently devoured. We put no stock whatever in this theory even though Champ was heard chanting: Marquette, Elwood, Plateau, Walnut, at every odd moment during the next three days. Harvey, in high glee at this turn of events, murmured (mixing metaphors) "Turn About is Fair Exchange!" Wonder whom the Bell tolls for?

The bowling league finally finished off a few fortnights ago and it was a fine, if not flashy season for the alley boys. The only official casualty of the year was the unlucky Benny Locke; he suffered a broken digit when he picked up a ball that was an ounce heavier than his usual missile. Speaking of Ben, almost all of his friends have decided to forgive him for the outlandish ties and socks that he has foisted on them for the past few months. Don't be too sure of yourself Ben, wait 'till they get a glimpse of those glamorous Paddy Green nylon anklets with the built-in "Adobe Haciendas" you recently threatened them with.

The elections for the position of officers in the various societies have already been held and one of the big winners was Howie McCarney. Big Boy or Moose has really taken this honour to heart and is moving around the Smoker, going from group to group, telling anyone who will listen about the big plans he has for next year's

L.C.A.A. This is something pleasantly unusual and we wish the Moose and his fellow officers the best of luck for next year.

The play is history now and was, far and away, the best ever done at Loyola. It was also the outstanding event of the year, four football championships notwithstanding. Joe Roney who was the villain again this year, really took his role seriously. For a week after the end of the play he was mistaken for an old man. This strange and seemingly unnatural mistake was really quite natural considering the fact that Joe couldn't get that white make-up powder out of his hair. Poor Leo Salvati was completely heart-broken at this sad turn of events. He claims, not unjustly, that he is the oldest student ever to attend Loyola.

Paul Shaughnessy has been suffering the cruellest torment for the past few weeks. Every time those April and May showers come along Shag is hounded about the lack of baseball games in the

International League. At one time it looked as if the season would never open and Shag was really worried. But Bill Belisle put him straight and after that Paul had no fears.

Paul Gervais is the New President of the College Flat. Good luck to him at his new post but unless he passes out more of those green candies you can bet he won't get any votes next year.

Since this is the last issue we understand from our worthy editor, Paul Orr, that we must reveal our true identity to the generous reading public. Before doing so, however, we wish to apologize for the many errors and omissions we allowed. We are sorry, too, for the poor calibre of stuff turned out and consider ourselves lucky to have such long-suffering readers. (Is there someone who still reads the back page?) Although we are sure it is no surprise to anyone, Mrs. Guimond's little son, Bob, will now sign off wishing the best of luck to all of you in the coming exams.

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